

Tiberius

Waste

The potter's wheel Tiberius gave the Taggetians.

Had led to too many things, chariots, eighteen wheeled transport wagons, stone throwers, rack cogs, round shields.....not to mention pottery.

Nobody mentioned antibiotics, surgical advances, hospitals and other goodies.

Poor poor Tiberius Grant.

Doomed Dracon Polanski.

And the aliens had a strong body amongst the white robed ELECT. Sent in their most humanoid handsome men and girls to make it amongst the wives of the ELECTED sponsors. Those businessmen who needed the ELECT to pass laws allowing them to open new worlds for profit.

NOW THEY HAD TO BE CAREFUL,

the bored wives,

they formed

CONSERVATION COMITTEES,

And looked forward to mating with their alien lovers.

All very sleazy.

Wayne was ready for them, they wanted lovers, then they could love his troopers.

Special brothels had been set up for them.

Haslam's way.

And these targeted people had influence amongst the inhabitants of Earth, the owners of the deliberate stoned archaic designed stadiums they called homes, a hundred rooms, some three hundred, all for intergalactic guests seeking favors from the ELECT.....classical fronts hiding factories mostly worked by robots. Only the rich virtually lived on Earth, and the poor were glad, they lived in other worlds as polluted but without fancy houses to clean.

Earth wasn't fit to live upon.

A poisonous waste and even the powerful rich would have deserted if it was

NOT FOR PRESTIGE.

Was something special saying "I hail from Earth," it gave you pedigree, roots and meant you knew powerful people,

THE ELECT.

The poor that were left had nice tied houses. There had to be good cash reasons to enter the factories, clean the leaking toxic waste pipes, man ships plowing raw poisonous garbage filled seas.....weren't many

poor folk left on Earth.

Them that hadn't left

Had died.

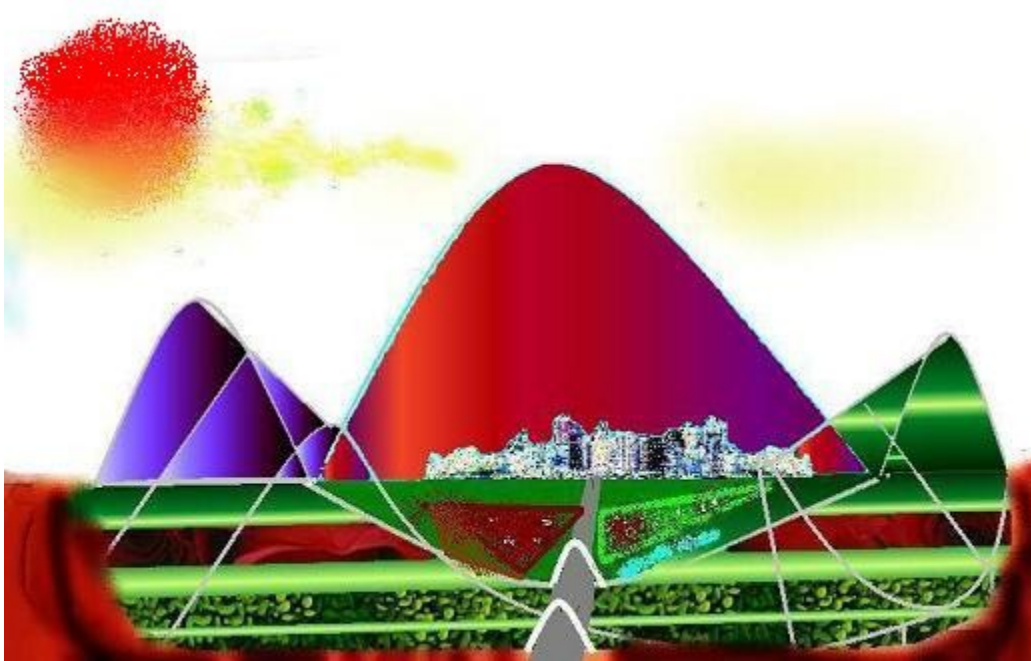
Apart from those that made up the private praetorian armies of the sponsors of the ELECT. And the soldiers were well paid, armies were power.

Wayne had been busy recruiting over the years and now had a vast army scattered hidden across space; space was big, lots of places to hide.

Waiting for war.

Lo Earth was deforested, mined dry, the air full of ultra violet rays because there wasn't much ozone left.

Great domes covered cities and natural parks.



20: What was left for the grandchildren?

Whole continents of poor people had been shipped out to new worlds. Got the alien inhabitants worried, led to wars.

Was survival of the species, aliens or us? Their culture predominates or ours?

So far human culture had won.

Because of space frontiers folk like General Tiberius Grant the alien fighter.

And the eager overcrowded poor looked to Wayne Haslam to give them new worlds, land, clean air and wanted him to exploit them by giving them jobs,

And he did.



21: "I am Tiberius Grant," he would shout at his foes.

Gave them little colonial wars they always won, but this war he was engineering was the BIG ONE.

Make or break the species,

Which meant make or break Wayne Haslam?

He needed war as he was almost broke paying his troops for nothing.

YES.....an ELECT trod carefully when dealing with conservation matters.

It could cost him/her his/her job.

AND THERE WERE MANY AFTER WAYNE HASLAM'S POST.

To be called an alien hater was fatal, but Wayne was changing that, that's what this trial was about.

A midnight door knock.....bang you are dead.

Even Morag Brown was taken by surprise by this. The aliens amongst the ELECT banged their desks furiously. Some artificial pink carnations fell from vases.

Then the vases bouncing away.

There were six hundred overcrowded human colonies wanting Tagget as a place to dump their unwanted, 900 billion people all knowing Wayne Haslam was correct. And Haslam saw them digging irrigation ditches, building factories and being a new world, no one would care what anti toxic laws weren't made.

People wanted jobs.

The conservationists could go to hell and Wayne would help them there.

200123A.D. and the human population through space numbered 800 zillion.....they thought, but some experts said it was a hundred times more.

That made Wayne feel very important, sort of like a god looking after his sim people.

He had even written his own religion called 'The Book.'

There was a lot of open uncharted space and Wayne liked watching Hollywood reruns about Cortes, D. Crockett, Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, Darius King of Kings.

He was greater than any of them.

He was Wayne Haslam of course wasn't he?

He never saw the greatest story ever told or did know greatness was about being kind.

But he did own most of space and that counted.



22: Animation is color

Dracon, “Yes sir see, the general was guilty of interfering with conservationists.

Everyone knew King Hagar on Planet Tagget had the mind of a copper age Pharaoh because the whole planet was copper age.

(Been,

Until General Tiberius Grant arrived.)

Correction, mind of an ant, small enough love?” Dracon asked Morag Brown...

..screen showing an ant headed snake man.

Wayne Haslam didn't crush the smile that sprang to his face; some alien ELECT noticed and spoke amongst themselves about the insults directed at them.

“Sure they had had war before, but with axes, swords, donkeys and there were established rules set up by The Historic Trust not to disturb their like.

Now they got war, but with guns.

Then the general liked.

The good guys.....

And Tiberius Grant had done it.

MEN AND WOMEN LIKE HIM, his friends like me.

Dracon Polanski, alien fighter, space frontiersman given them guns to exterminate themselves.

Why he did stand in front of all those Taggetian chariots shouting, “I am The Mighty Tiberius Grant,” then spit at the orange dust and blow his war horn.

And his enemies were afraid of him, he who had come from the skies and given them the wheel and gun so dropped their spears and ran.

And you know what their Taggetian generals did to them for that? Murdering scum buried them up to their chins in that orange sand so red soldier ants could eat their faces.

Ate through the mouth....poor men swallowing mouthfuls of insects that once inside you ate their way out of you. Yep in through the nose, the ear to the brain.

Then ants shifting sand quick to get the rest of you; crawling in and out of every orifice you was born with.”

Dracon paused.....the screen showed a human settler under a red carpet of ants.

Wayne Haslam flashed Tagget on a viewing screen. The face of General Tiberius Grant vanished.

Tagget looked very ORANGE.

It was the vast ORANGE desert that made up half the planet that caused it.

ORANGE	white
ORANGE	drifting yellow
ORANGE	clouds.

Haslam had plans for Tagget.

Those sands held gold, uranium, diamonds, and oil.

Wayne asked the screen to show oil rigs, gold prospectors and happy settlers.

He just showed the hungry where wealth lay.

He also showed a picture of a gold prospector hanging from a tree as aliens had stoned him dead.

It wasn't Planet Tagget, but that didn't matter nor the fact the human was executed for child abduction, rape, murder.....the masses flocking to Tagget seeking quick wealth wanted protection against the angry natives.

General Tiberius Grant wouldn't dare show his face there after sentence had been passed.

Leaving Wayne protecting those human colonists.

A planet wasn't cheap, but it gave the means to get the next one. Things were so damn expensive these days. Sometimes it was cheaper to buy a virgin planet than build your mansion on it, and that was his private joke but it was near enough the true.

The price of bread and a pint of milk was sky high.

And the black rats that plagued the sewer system fed well upon the bloated corpses of Wayne's opponents. Course tortured first, the women forced to couple before strangled and the men also so folk would say they were the victims of a crazy serial killer.

"They deserved it, they opposed me," and Wayne didn't have a nightmares. He slept well nights dreaming of himself in gold armor fighting aliens.

"And something Tiberius didn't do, he don't pollute the place like your mining companies. It should be them here not me, Dracon went, "Ever seen a two headed Taggetian baby and one head dead? Murdering scum, you dung heads.....once we could.

walk orange sand and see insect life. Now you see millions of empty Fizz cans and Fast

Food survival rations.....human litter bugs."

And Dracon hoped he was impressing D.A. Morag Brown who had undone her blue cape for comfort.

Of course quite forgetting her cleavage.

The screen showed it clearly, it took a second for Morag to realise that she was looking at her own cleavage, was admiring it, and when she did she blushed.

Dracon she noticed was staring at her chest with glued eyes.



23: Orange desert of Planet Tagget